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THE CHILE CLUB

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ROSEMARY PRESS BROCHURES

THE CHILE CLUB

"It is winter, therefore there is no ice."

"Everybody had a good time."



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THE CHILE CLUB

“Everybody had a good time.”

When on Saturdays the sun reaches its meridian height and begins the long descent down the Western slope, the scattered members of the Chile Club thankfully close their desks and one by one repair to the hospitable Tavern opposite the site of the ancient city prison of Boston. Here is the heart of old historic Boston. In this old prison Capt. Kidd and the Witches, as well as Quakers and other misdemeanants and malefactors were confined by the Colony and Province. As the members of the Chile Club pass the old prison site they may well recall the reference to the rosebush at the beginning of the “Scarlet Letter,” the rose growing wild by the side of the grim portal, that sprang, as tradition said, from the footsteps of the Sainted Ann Hutchinson as she entered the old prison, and may well have caught the eyes of Hester Prynne as she in turn passed within. From our windows we look down on the site of the “Bell in Hand” dating from 1796; across Court St. Franklin’s early years were passed in his brother’s printing office on the narrow alley, now Franklin Avenue; on the corner below at Washington St., across from the Old State House, the first President of Harvard once lived; the first Boston Hotel was at the foot of Pi Alley; we are on the edge of Scollay Square, the Hub of Boston, whence nine streets radiate; we are on the first lot of land allotted to Boston’s first settler, and every foot has its story of interest and charm.

An even dozen is the Club’s limit of membership; it has no dues; there is but a single dish of importance served at its meals; its offices are held for life; it meets weekly without notice or form; it places no limit on debate; from the decision of its President there is no appeal (whence he is often called the “Autocrat”); its only requirement of its members is congeniality.

The Club grew naturally out of congenial associations together, particularly with John Henry Westfall, U. S. N., when on Saturday afternoons he drew his friends together for a few hours social intercourse. He was retired on pension, having been injured in the great typhoon disaster at Samoa in 1889, when the U. S. S. Trenton was wrecked with several German war ships. Later, in 1916, called into active service as Commandant of the Naval Coaling Station at East Lamoine, Maine, our comrade Westfall won a commission as Lieutenant, Senior grade, U. S. N., for unremitting loyal work. He died in the service, January, 1919. To his memory a standing toast is drunk (in ginger ale) at every meeting and one also to the memory of Raymond Chamberlin (an Honorary member) who was killed in battle in France. Their portraits hang on the wall before us as we pledge ourselves to keep their memory green. Under their inspiration the Club has adopted the following for its guiding principle: "Grasp the truth of the great law, that you will find your own life, only in losing it in the service of others; that the more of your life you so give, the fuller and the richer, the greater and the grander, the more beautiful and the more happy, your own life will be."

The name had its birth in the many interesting discussions on South American conditions induced by a recent enthusiastic visit to the West Coast by a Club member, and the fact that there appeared to be no organization existing in Boston having particular interest in that portion of the World.

The Club having often met in the "Chile Corner" of the old hotel (so-called because daily occupied at lunch by several Directors of the Chile Copper Company, as well as in recognition of the superabundant draughts circulating there) assumed the name of the Chile Club with the avowed purpose of encouraging closer and more cordial relations with Chile and other South American Republics, particularly in literary matters, and to provide a convenient center for the entertainment of future hoped-for South American guests. For a short time the Club often met at the old "Bromfield Inn" and a guest from San Jose, California, S. C. Houghton, (author of "In the Path of the Persian"), honored the Club with the following poem:

“Blest the calm hour, of the full day most sweet,
When, freed from racking toil and bustling street,
I join my comrade in the saint-shunned inn,
And genial minds, hearts, hands, eyes, glasses meet.

Vain the pursuit of shadows, without end!
Seek thy congenial and convivial friend,
And in the grimy tavern’s farthest nook,
Your hopes, your sorrows and your follies blend.”

The Autocrat, as President, presides at the long table with the Financial Editor at the opposite end as Perpetual Vice President. On the right of the Autocrat sit the Translator, the Editor, the African Chief, the Captain, and the Advertising Man, while on his left are the Professor, the Poet, the Mining Engineer and the Manufacturer, a happy and most congenial group, unselfish, free from envy, seeking only the good of each other, and quick to lend a helping hand when occasion calls—either to one another or to any good cause.

It was at the expense of the Club (they attending in a body) that Lieut. Westfall was brought from Maine to Camp Devens in 1918 to deliver his famous patriotic lecture on the disaster at Samoa, showing clearly how the wrecking of the German Warships ruined forever the German Kaiser’s dream of a Pacific Empire. The Red Cross during the war profited from the Club’s activities and in countless ways its members showed their unswerving loyalty to the Flag.

A pleasing custom of the Club that might well be adopted by many older and larger bodies, is to present every guest on his departure with one of the Club brochures. This has been the lifelong custom of the Autocrat with his own home guests, in his case the souvenir being almost invariably some edition of Omar.

There is no room in the Club for Bolsheviks, Anarchists, Pacifists, pro-Germans or Sinn Feiners. The members are chosen for their personal attraction for each other, regardless of religion, politics, ancestry, wealth or other like perfectly immaterial non-essentials. All the members are also active members of the Omar Khayyám Club of America.

PEN PORTRAITS

The Autocrat is the President of the Club for life. A corporation lawyer, lover of flowers and books, connected with large enterprises, active in Masonry, being a Past Grand High Priest of Massachusetts, member of many Masonic and other secret fraternal societies, Past Grand Officer of three of them and past presiding officer of several others, member of several patriotic societies and Past President of three of them, Past President or other officer of numerous social, college and library organizations and business corporations, he delights in the friendships of the little Club and never willingly misses a meeting. His hobby is collecting rare editions of Omar Khayyám, three editions of which have been dedicated to him (at Worcester, Mass., San Antonio, Texas, and Buenos Ayres, Argentina). He is a dreamer and optimist and believes the best of every one. The Club at a recent meeting rose in revolt against the beneficent rule of the Autocrat, presenting him (on his 64th birthday) the following:

“Declaration of Independence.

“When in the course of Human Events, it becomes necessary for a number of people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another person and to assume among their fellows upon earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and Nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter, or abolish it and to substitute new government; laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effectuate their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established



JOHN HENRY WESTFALL
LIEUTENANT U. S. N.
DIED IN SERVICE



RAYMOND CHAMBERLIN
DIED IN BATTLE IN FRANCE



should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly all experience hath shown that Mankind are more disposed to suffer, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses, and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under *absolute despotism*, it is their right, it is their duty (once in every 64 years) to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security.

“The History of the *present* President of the Chile Club is the history of repeated injuries and usurpations all having in direct object the establishment of an *absolute* tyranny over us.

“To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

“He has refused to allow us to do as we pleased.

“He has refused to Dole the right even to have salt in his butter.

“He compels Charlie Grinnell to smoke cigars and to pass ’em around to the great disgust and detriment of the members.

“He has forbidden any other member than himself to bring anything into our meetings.

“Whenever Thompson and Dole and Lanman and Crandon want to properly tip the waiters by handing them \$10 or \$15 each he forbids it with scornful mien. For them are no African palms stretched out in eager expectancy. Their money is not current inside the precincts of Mrs. Youngs.

“His acts have been acts of constant tyranny.

“We, therefore, representatives of the Chile Club, in general Congress assembled announce our right to rebel from his tyranny and, once in every 64 years to throw off for 15 minutes the heavy yoke of his tyranny and declare for that space of time we are and of a right ought to be free and independent individuals. That for the space of 15 minutes the relations between us are dissolved.

“In token of our independence, we hand you, our Autocrat this emblem of our thirst for freedom, and of our indissoluble union.” (“This” being a silver loving cup.)

The Translator and the Poet are alike in that both have translated the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám from the original Persian; and both have published many different editions. One has a Multi-

variorum, a Latin and also a Greek Edition to his credit; the "Rose Garden" of the other has shown old Omar in most friendly pleasing guise.

Our Translator is a lawyer, and he is also President of the Shakespeare Society, Bohemian Club and the Players' Club, all of Worcester, and Past President of various other societies. He has issued many exquisite miniature and fac-simile editions of FitzGerald's translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, distributing without price thousands of copies to lovers of Omar. Generous, scholarly and most companionable, he is one of the Club's treasures—dearly beloved—in spite of the fact that he was for three years a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

The Club book "Twenty Years of the Omar Khayyám Club of America" is most appropriately dedicated to him. The dedication reads

Dedicated to

Eben Francis Thompson

founder of The Omar Khayyám Club of America, its Secretary for twenty years and now its President; lawyer, wit, prince of good fellows, Shakespearean scholar, lover of antique art, poet, author, and first translator from the original Persian of the complete quatrains of Omar Khayyám—

"Though creeds some two and
seventy there be,
The first of creeds, I hold,
is love of thee."

The Poet has published more books of original poetry, more editions of Omar and translations from various languages for commercial sale than any other member of the Club and ranks as one of the great successful authors of Boston. A witty raconteur, quick mentally as a flash of lightning, he can, and usually does, keep a large tableful in a roar by his stories and tales. Therefore the Chile Club never has a dull meeting when he is present. Is it any wonder he is so sought after by the Women's Clubs? We who know him best love his cheerfulness of spirit, the soul of Youth Eternal.

The Professor is loved by everybody; Corresponding Honorary Member of many of the world's greatest Societies of Scholars, holder of Honorary degrees, Past President at two different times of the American Oriental Society of which he was a founder, he is now President of the Omar Khayyám Club of America. He is so accurate in his Oriental Scholarship (being Professor of Sanscrit of our greatest University); he is so painstaking in his edition of the colossal Oriental Series planned to give the West the vast and almost unknown treasures of the East and already reaching thirty magnificent volumes; he is so interested in everything good and clean and human; he is so generous and thoughtful in his courtesies of daily life, that he has won the hearts of us all, and we glory in him as a man while we marvel at his wonderful erudition.

The Editor is the Dean of all, reserved, considerate, marvelously well read, a writer who charms the multitude with the delicacy and beauty of his nature descriptions, for he loves the birds and flowers, and better yet, knows them intimately. His editions of poems and nature writings are masterpieces of English and once caused a great New England college to offer him the degree of LIT. D., an offer that was not accepted. The black shadow of the Great War rests heavily upon him, however, for his only son lies under the poppies on some fiercely contested battlefield in France. A great sympathetic soul in a frail body, in the most laborious of professions, his compensation comes from the appreciation of his friends who love him and his gentle ways with an enduring love.

The African Chief is a title proudly borne by one whose massive figure won for him the lasting regard of a proud old tribal head in Central Africa, the offer of a chieftaincy carrying with it houses, cattle, and many wives. That the offer was not accepted is the gain of the Club, for this lawyer member is most loved and honored.

The Advertising man is really an artist by nature, having been a skilful wood engraver in his youth. Usually a good listener, when he does talk it is to the purpose, and commands instant and compelling attention, for he is a student of men and therefore accurate. Keen eyed, generous to a fault, a loyal friend, highly honorable of soul, he gives the Club full measure of return for the many benefits he claims that he receives from it.

The Financial Editor, the Perpetual Vice President of the Club, having worked through all the various positions on a great newspaper to the headship of his department in his youth, now looks back over thirty-six years of proud and highly responsible position with keen satisfaction over work well and honorably done. An ideal presiding officer, he has made his place in Masonic history as a Past Grand Master of the Grand Council of Massachusetts, and as a graceful and thoughtful writer on Masonic subjects. He has also served as President of several patriotic societies with exceeding credit. Seldom a meeting that some question does not arise to display his wide and catholic reading, and his Mayflower-descended patriotism and humanity. No one knows him who does not both honor and love him, for he is one who has given his whole life to his family without a thought of self.

The Manufacturer is a quiet man, a good listener, always, however, intensely interested. He prefers to accomplish matters through suggestion which he does most successfully. Graduating into manufacturing on his own account he has been fortunate, and his generous heart attests the rare quality of the man. A natural executive, he is one of the most valued members of the Club. It is no wonder that he meets all the Club on congenial ground, with that unselfish thoughtfulness that is the foundation of the Club. A trained business man, schooled by necessity, he meets scholars and dreamers as equals and makes them his lifelong friends through his honesty of purpose and strength of character.

The Captain and the Mining Engineer are the youngest of the members, are brothers-in-law and both served in the Great War, the Captain as District Property Officer of the largest Ordnance District in the Country, responsible for hundreds of millions of dollars in contracts; the Engineer going to France as the youngest officer in the famous Mining Regiment—rising from Private to First Lieutenant. The Captain was five times recommended for promotion for efficiency and ability; the Mining Engineer returned with a Regimental citation for bravery under fire and promotion to a captaincy in the Reserve. The qualities that won them recognition during the stress of war are those that appeal to the Club and give high promise of future success.

Therefore from these analyses it appears that the keynote of the Club is love; that strong affection men have for each other when they appreciate the strength of others and delight in the continued evidences of true friendship. The members take constant pleasure in making presents to each other, a commendable custom in any club. Scarcely a meeting passes without some example of this pretty custom.

Just as the track of birds that cleave the air
Is not discovered, nor yet the path of fish
That skim the water, so the course of those
Who do good actions is not always seen.

—Mahabharata.

Each and every member has a strong regard and affection for each and all the others. Therefore the little Club flourishes in the fertile soil of old Boston. Above all things, the Chile Club does things differently; for example, it is the long established custom of Chile Club members, delightful in its observance, on their birthdays to *give* presents to all the other club members—instead of receiving presents from them. For it is always more pleasant to give than to receive.

“O Comrades! when ye meet as ye agree
Ye needs must pledge your friend in memory;
And when, O Saki, on thy joyous round
My time shall come, turn down a glass for me!”

—Omar Khayyám, Trans. by E. F. Thompson.

LINES FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES DANA
BURRAGE

A Spirit all compact of generosity,
Of light and joy, of kindness, sense and courage,
Who shows to meanness only, animosity—
This in a score of words is our Friend Burrage!

But it would take a volume to portray him
As Prince of Good Will and of Hospitality,
As Master of light Fairies that obey him
In the gay service of his Principality!

“We love him!”—all agree on that, I predicate!
“Here’s to his Health!” (in nectar which he
furnishes!)

Our lives to his ideals we gladly dedicate
And burnish up our wits as his he burnishes!

“Here’s to his Health!” And may this joyous Festival
Have many like ones! (Drink like this encourages!)
Let each successor be the very best of all!
We swear there’s only one such Man as Burrage is!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Boston, February 19.







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